



No. 123

MAY

Ten Cents



Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE



Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Acting Director, Bureau of Child Guidance
Board of Education, City of New York



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



AND IF YOU ARE GOOD,
HE'LL DO YOU NO HARM
IN THE STILL OF THE WOOD.
BUT IF YOU ARE DOUBTFUL
AND WANT TO BE SURE
JUST BRING HIM SOME
BOOKS WITH
THIS IMPRIMATURE *..

*THAT MEANS SYMBOL.



-ON THE COVER OF
**SENSATION
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY** COMIC
MAGAZINE!

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 123, May, 1947. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Registered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.,

205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -



THEY STILL LIVE, THOSE PIONEERS OF AVIATION WHO MADE HISTORY A GENERATION AGO WHEN THEY FLEW THE FIRST FLIMSY AIRPLANES! THEY'RE AGING NOW, BUT THOSE TRAIL BLAZERS OF THE AIRWAYS STILL YEARN TO FLY THEIR SHAKY, ANCIENT PLANES! AND WHEN A RUTHLESS CRIME LEADER USES THE PATHETIC AMBITION OF THOSE OLD PILOTS, AND LEADS THEM INTO A SINISTER RACKET, ONLY BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN SAVE THEM FROM THE CONSEQUENCES OF...

"THE DAWN PATROL CRIMES!"

THE PILOT OF A BIG TRANSPORT PLANE
SUDDENLY DOUBTS HIS EYES.

I MUST BE SEEING
THINGS. THAT'S A
BLERIOT PLANE
OF 25 YEARS
AGO!

OH, THAT'S JUST
ONE OF THE
DAWN PATROL!
THEIR CLUB
MEETS AT A
FARM NEAR
HERE!

THE DAWN PATROL?
AN ODD TITLE FOR
AN ODDER SOCIETY,
AS WE SEE WHEN
WE FOLLOW THE
ANCIENT MONO-
PLANE...

THERE'S
MART MORRIS
COMING IN
NOW!

NICE LANDING,
MART! BUT YOUR
BLERIOT ISN'T AS
GOOD A PLANE AS
MY OLD WRIGHT!

YOU'RE
CRAZY, SAM!
THAT WRIGHT
ISN'T A PLANE,
IT'S A BOX
KITE!

YES, THESE AGING PILOTS, FLYING
AIRPLANES OF A GENERATION
AGO, ARE PIONEERS OF THE AIR
AGE!

ANY LUCK
FINDING US
FLYING JOBS,
MART?

NO LUCK!
NOBODY
WANTS PILOTS
AS OLD AS WE
ARE!

THEN WE'RE
THROUGH AS
FLIERS!

NO, THERE'S
STILL A CHANCE
FOR THE DAWN
PATROL TO KEEP
FLYING!

I'M BLACKY CAIN,
AND MY BOSS NEEDS
MEN TO FLY RADIO-
ACTIVE CHEMICALS
OVER TO CANADA.
WILL YOU DO IT?

SURE!
WE'LL DO
ANYTHING
TO GET
JOBS FLYING
AGAIN!

THE MEMBERS OF THE DAWN PATROL DO NOT DREAM THAT THEIR NEW BOSS IS A CUNNING MASKED CRIMINAL KNOWN TO THE UNDERWORLD AS THE SHINER!

THE DAWN-PATROL WILL FLY THE STOLEN RADIUM TO CANADA FOR US, SHINER.

AND THEY DON'T SUSPECT IT'S STOLEN STUFF? GOOD, BLACKY!

LATER, THE RISE OF A SINISTER, NEW CROOK BRINGS A FAMILIAR SIGN INTO THE SKY!

THE BAT SIGNAL! COMMISSIONER GORDON NEEDS US, BATMAN!

LET'S GO SEE WHAT'S UP!

BATMAN, THIS IS MR. ROSS OF ROSS RADIUM COMPANY, AND MR. SMYTHE, HIS MANAGER. THEY NEED YOUR HELP.

RADIUM IS BEING STOLEN FROM MY PLANT. WE CAN'T FIND OUT HOW.

MR. ROSS THINKS THE RADIUM THEFTS ARE AN INSIDE JOB.

THEN ROBIN AND I WILL WORK FROM THE INSIDE, TOO! I'LL GET SOME EQUIPMENT FROM OUR LAB!

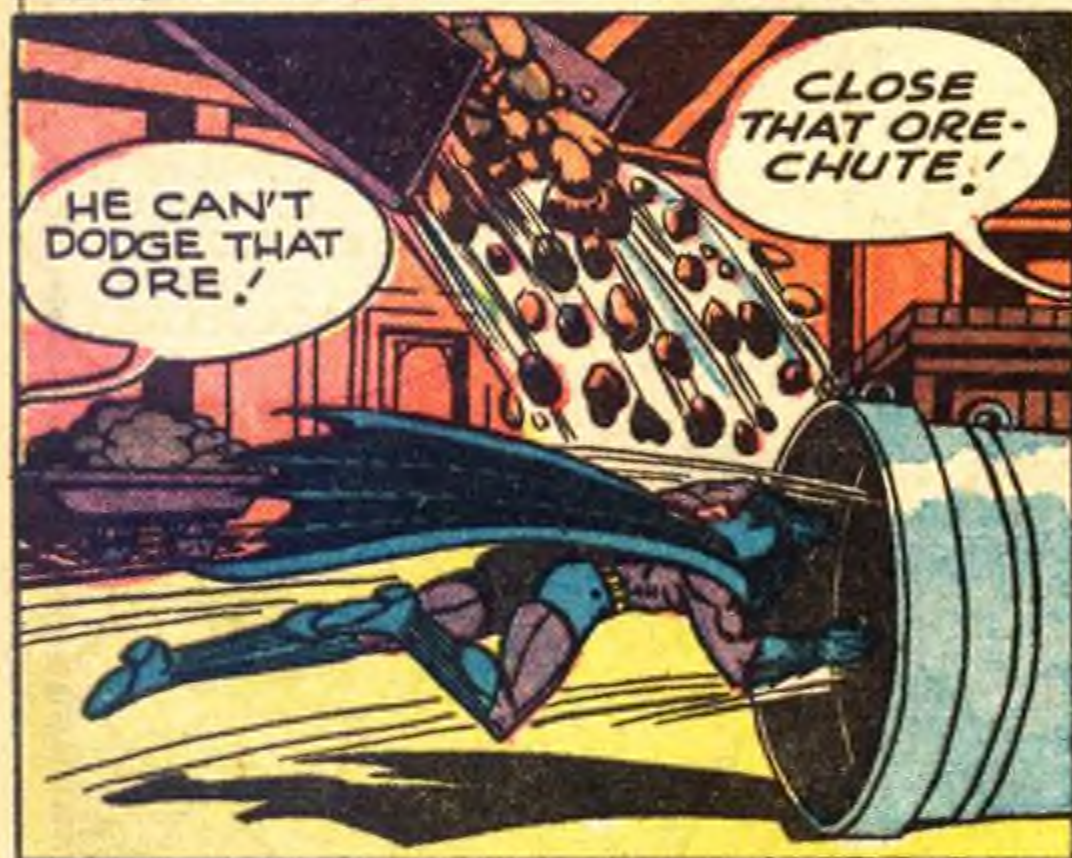
LATER, AT THE BIG PLANT WHERE RADIO-ACTIVE ORE IS REFINED INTO RARE RADIUM.

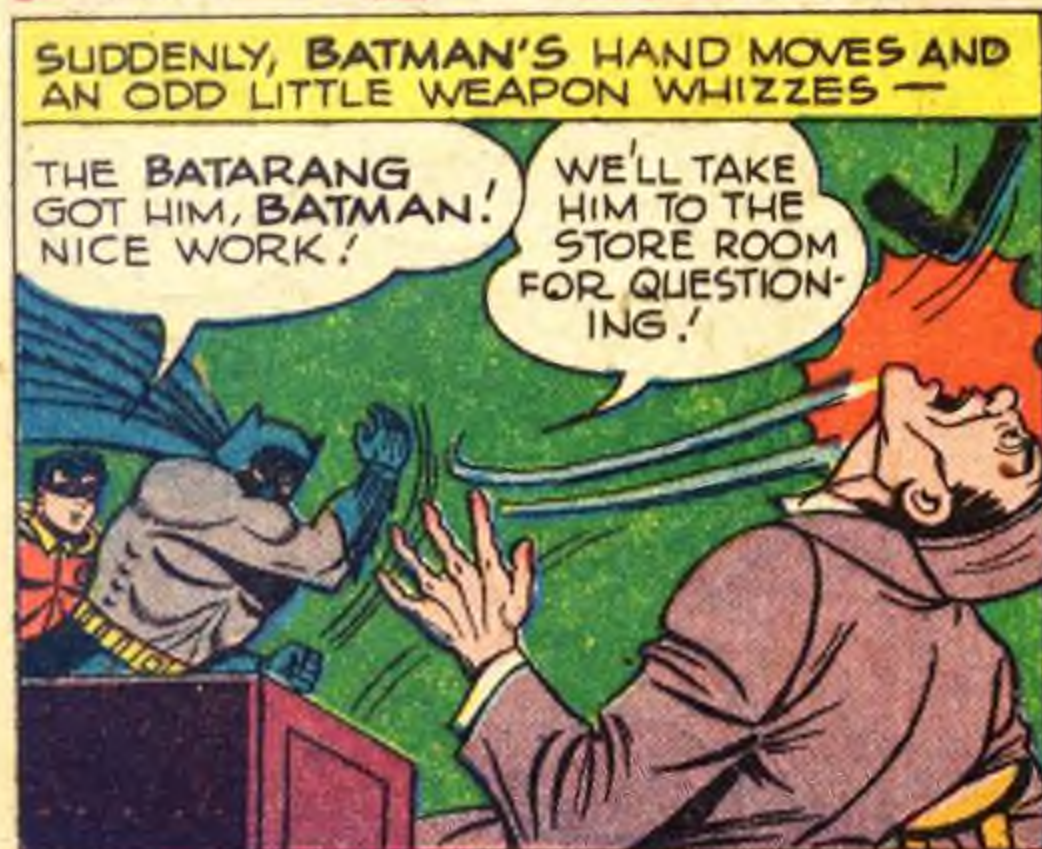
I'LL CHECK YOUR WORKMEN AS THEY GO IN. MAYBE I CAN SPOT THE THIEF...

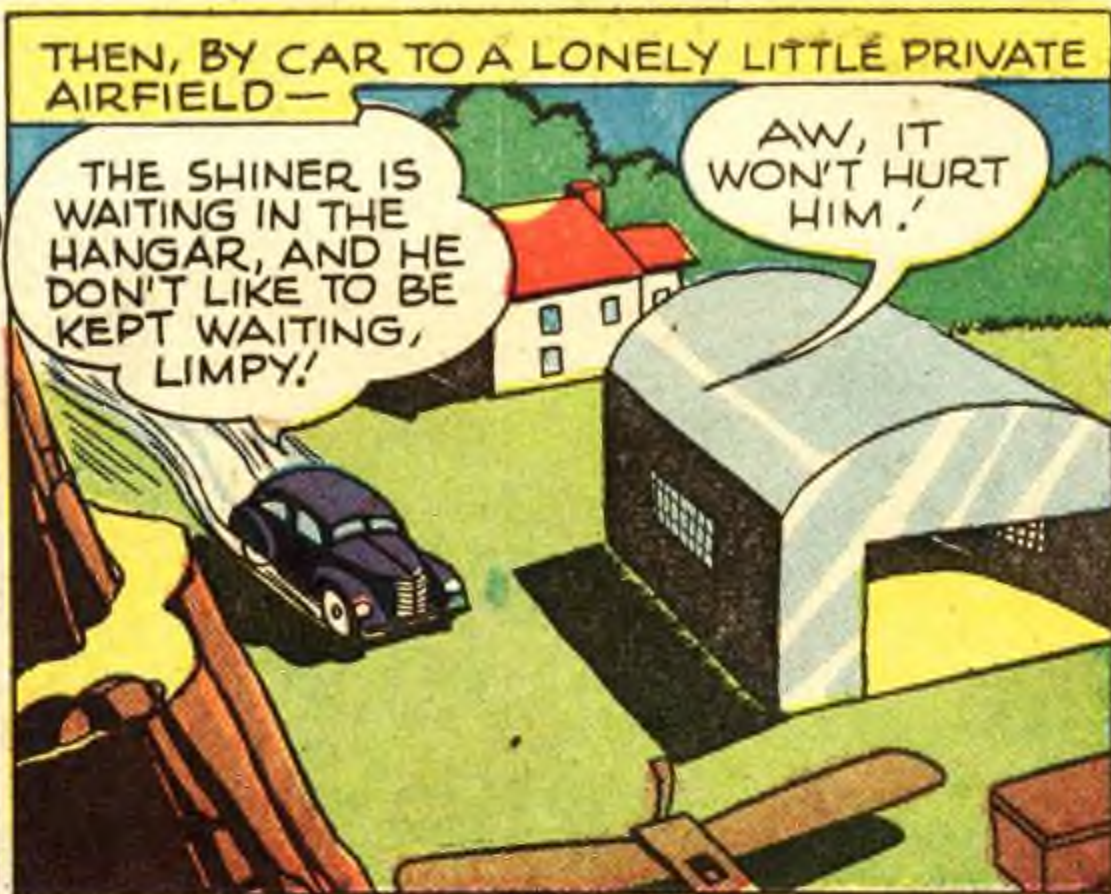
HOW?

THIS GEIGER COUNTER SHOWS THAT LIMPING WORKMAN HAS TRACES OF RADIUM DUST ON HIM! HE'S HAD RADIUM IN HIS CLOTHES.

IMPOSSIBLE! LIMPY IS AN OLD AND TRUSTED ORE WORKER!









A DESPERATE KICK SENDS AN OIL-SOAKED BARREL ROLLING THROUGH THE BLAZING DOORWAY —



— AND THE BARREL, INSTANTLY AFLAME, LURCHES LIKE A FIERY DEMON OUT ONTO THE DRY GRASS.



NOW—
IF ROBIN IS ALERT
... SEES THAT FIERY
GLOW...

MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY, ROBIN WAITS AND WATCHES HIGH IN THE WINDY SKY—



WHY DOESN'T
BATMAN CALL
ON THE BELT-
RADIO? HE —
WAIT, WHAT'S
THAT FIRE IN
THE WEST?

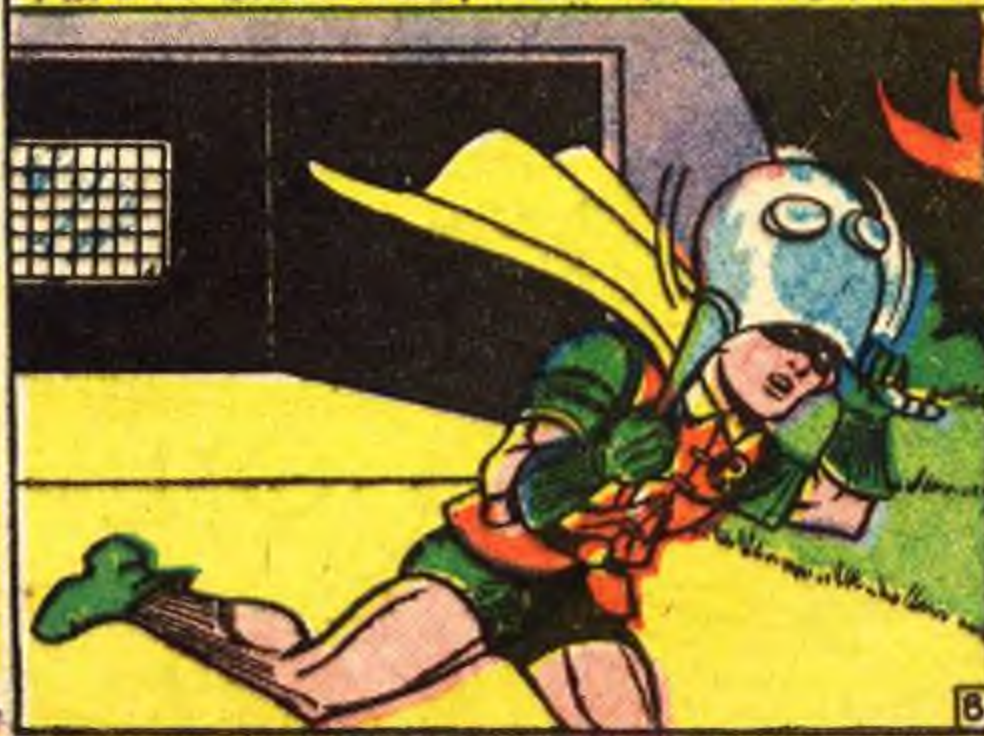
SOMETHING ODD
ABOUT THIS! I'D
BETTER LAND AND
LOOK INTO IT...



BATMAN IS IN
THERE, TIED TO THE
WALL! I CAN SEE
HIM BUT CAN'T
GET IN! BATMAN!
BATMAN!



RECALLING THAT AIRPLANE HANGARS
KEEP FIRE-FIGHTING SUITS FOR USE IN
PLANE CRASHES, ROBIN MOVES FAST..





ROBIN: I
SWEAR
SOMEBODY'S
COMING!



MOMENTS LATER...

ROBIN: I'VE GOT
THE MAN WHO
WAS IN THE
PLANE! HE'S BEEN
KIDNAPED! HE'S
BEING HELD IN
A PLACE WHERE
NOBODY CAN
FIND HIM!

THE MAN
WHO WAS
IN THE
PLANE!



THE MAN WHO WAS IN THE PLANE! HE'S BEEN KIDNAPED! HE'S BEING HELD IN A PLACE WHERE NOBODY CAN FIND HIM!

DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?

DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?

IS THERE A
MACHINE
WHICH
CAN
FIND
THE
MAN?



DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?

DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?



THE MAN WHO WAS IN THE PLANE! HE'S BEEN KIDNAPED! HE'S BEING HELD IN A PLACE WHERE NOBODY CAN FIND HIM!

DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?

IS THERE A
MACHINE
WHICH
CAN
FIND
THE
MAN?



DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?

DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
HE IS?

First Name: [redacted]
Last Name: [redacted]
Address: [redacted]
City: [redacted]
State: [redacted]
Zip: [redacted]
Phone: [redacted]
Fax: [redacted]

34

1. **Identify the main purpose of the text.** (1 mark)

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**

First published 1996. This book is published by
Taylor & Francis Ltd, One Gunpowder Square,
London, EC4A 3DF, UK.

Want to know more? Visit www.pearsoned.com or call 1-800-818-7243.

2025-2026 Financial Year
Budgetary Control System
For the 2025-2026 Financial Year
Budgetary Control System

**WE WANT YOU TO GET THE
BEST OF BOTH WORLDS. SAVE
TIME AND ENERGY WITH
OUR NEW SPOT LITE.
BLACK & WHITE LIGHT.**

Includes 100% of the
 company's operating
 assets and 100% of the
 company's liabilities
 (including 100% of the
 company's equity)

THE
NEW YORK
LIBRARY

AND THE VILLAINOUS OLD PLANT MURDERER HAS BEEN
PUT MACHINE INTO A SHAMBLING STOP.



BUT ONLY THE
LIFE OF A PLANT
MURDERER CAN
BE COME TO A STOP. IT
WAS A FIGHT TO THE
DEATH.

DO IT
TILL
THE
END

BUT THE VILLAINOUS OLD
PLANT MURDERER HAS BEEN
PUT MACHINE INTO A SHAMBLING STOP.



THE VILLAINOUS
OLD PLANT MURDERER
HAS BEEN PUT
MACHINE INTO A
SHAMBLING STOP.

DO IT
TILL
THE
END

THE VILLAINOUS OLD PLANT MURDERER
HAS BEEN PUT MACHINE INTO A SHAMBLING STOP.



THE VILLAINOUS
OLD PLANT MURDERER
HAS BEEN PUT
MACHINE INTO A
SHAMBLING STOP.

DO IT
TILL
THE
END



THE VILLAINOUS
OLD PLANT MURDERER
HAS BEEN PUT
MACHINE INTO A
SHAMBLING STOP.

DO IT
TILL
THE
END



THE VILLAINOUS
OLD PLANT MURDERER
HAS BEEN PUT
MACHINE INTO A
SHAMBLING STOP.

DO IT
TILL
THE
END

AND AS THE BALLOON DROPS TO THE EARTH...

THUNDER-
BOLTS CRASH
TO CELESTIAL!

IT'S THE
BATMAN
FLEET!



BUT SUDDENLY BATMAN MAKES A LIGHTNING LEAP...

THE CAPTAIN
OF THE
BOMBERS!

THE
BOMBERS!



CAPTAIN...

HOW ARE YOU
OUT WITH THE
BOMBERS?

MY QUEST IS
TO FIND THE
BOMBERS
COMING
DOWN HERE!



IT'S
BATTLES
ALL ABOUT
HOW THE
YOU KNOW!

WE KNOW THAT
ONLY ONE WHO KNOW
I FOLLOWING. I KNOW
HOW TO FIND THE BOMBERS
FOR I KNOW THE
HOW THE BOMBERS
DROPPED THAT ONE
HOW TO FIND
THE BOMBERS!



NOON...

BATMAN, YOU AND
BOMBERS HAVE THE
MILITARY BOMBERS
FROM DISTANCE!

YOU KNOW
THE BOMBERS
HOW TO FIND
THE BOMBERS
FROM DISTANCE!



THE BOMBERS HAVE THE
MILITARY BOMBERS
FROM DISTANCE!



IT GIVES
ME A HEAD
TO KNOW
THE BOMBERS
FROM DISTANCE!

Spot SLAUGHTER

CHAMPION
SLUGGER OF THE
WORLD'S CHAMPION
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS



SLAUGHTER SLUGGED
FOR ST. LOUIS IN THE
WORLD SERIES IN 1946
AND HE WON THE
MVP AWARD IN 1947
AND 1948.

WHEATIES BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND
FRUIT



THE MAN IN WHITE
IS SLAUGHTER AND
HE'S A CHAMPION
BASEBALL PLAYER.
HE'S ALSO A CHAMPION
WHEATIES EATER.
AND HE'S A CHAMPION
WHEATIES EATER
EVERY MORNING.



POKEY JOE'S SECRET WEAPON

ANOTHER JIM NICK REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



"I'M POKEY JOE! I'M THE BEST AT MY GAME!"

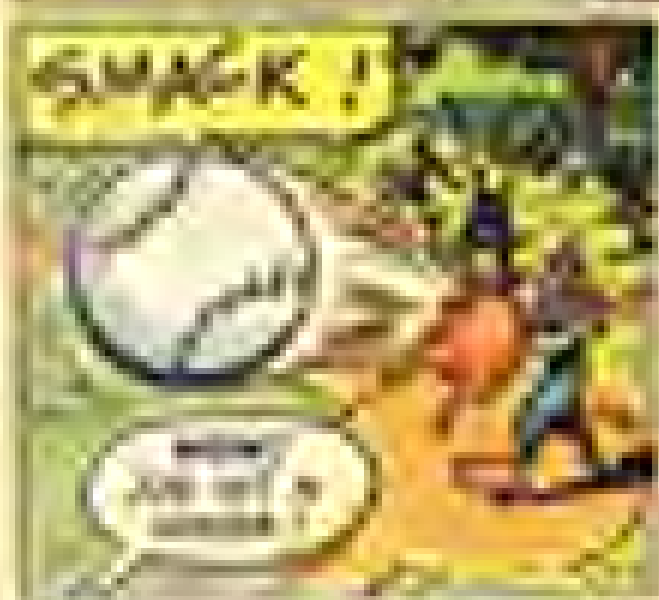


"I CAN DO IT!"

"HE'S GOT THE SECRET WEAPON!"

"HE'S GOT THE SECRET WEAPON!"

"HE'S GOT THE SECRET WEAPON!"



SMACK!



SAFE!



GO!



"YOU'RE NOT THE BEST AT YOUR GAME!"

"YOU'RE NOT THE BEST AT YOUR GAME!"

WANT TO WIN YOUR GAME? HERE'S THE SECRET WEAPON!

The secret weapon is the P-F shoe. It's the best shoe in the world. It's the best shoe in the world. It's the best shoe in the world.

"P-F"

It's the best shoe in the world. It's the best shoe in the world. It's the best shoe in the world.

BUY IT NOW! BUY IT NOW! BUY IT NOW!



THE NEXT DAY...



"I'M THE BEST AT MY GAME!"

"I'M THE BEST AT MY GAME!"



"I'M THE BEST AT MY GAME!"

SLAM BRADLEY

What price thievery?

THE CASE IS SIMPLE. THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS BEEN A THIEF FOR 20 YEARS IS NOW BEING TRIED FOR A CRIMINAL OFFENSE. WILL HE GO IN A PRISON? MUST HE BE SENT TO THE GALLERY? THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DECIDE IS SLAM BRADLEY. LET US FIND OUT HOW HE DOES IT. WITH THE SLAM-BRADLEY BACKLOG, WE ARE APPROXIMATING THE END OF A THIRTY-THREE YEAR OLD FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO BE A THIEF.

**"South
of the
Border!"**



SLAM BRADLEY HAS
GIVEN UP HIS
TO THE JURY.



THE BIG CASE
OF THE MONTH
THE WHOLE
WORLD IS
WATCHING.



SLAM BRADLEY
THE THIEF

They can't find the car, but they find the man who was in it!





TURNING BLINDLY THE OTHER WAY...

OH, NO! HERE I THOUGHT BRADLEY'S HAD GONE AWAY!

CAN YOU SEE ME, BRADLEY?



AND YET... I CAN SEE YOU! ARE YOU HIDE-ING OUT NOW?

YES, YES! I CAN SEE YOU! ARE YOU HIDE-ING OUT NOW?



THE DOCTOR CARRY THE UNCONSCIOUS DOCTOR'S WIFE A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE!

IT'S ABOUT MIDNIGHT IN THE HALLWAY—AUNTIE! SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE?



WELL, I'LL GET RID OF MYSELF AND BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE! ARE YOU READY?

YES, YES! I'LL GET RID OF MYSELF AND BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE! ARE YOU READY?



OUT IN THE AREA A BUREAU SPECIALIST FIND THE FIRST TOP-OUT...

THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!



THE DOCTOR FROM THE CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION FINDS THE FIRST TOP-OUT...

YES, YES! I'LL GET RID OF MYSELF AND BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE! ARE YOU READY?

YES, YES! I'LL GET RID OF MYSELF AND BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE! ARE YOU READY?





AS THE BALL FLIES AFTER THEM, THERE IS WHAT WE SHOULD REMEMBER—THE TWO CLASSES!



AND THE MAN WHO WAS THOUGHT

WAS A LUCKY GUY!

WOW, THAT'S A LOT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT HERE, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT OF CHANCE TO PLAY A TRICK!



THE MAN WHO WAS THOUGHT

YOU CAN'T BEATLE! I'VE GOT IT NOW!

HEY—THERE'S SOMETHING HERE!



AND AS THE FURIOUS TALKER GOES BY, THE MAN WHO WAS THOUGHT WAS A LOT OF CHANCE TO PLAY A TRICK!



THE MAN WHO WAS THOUGHT

IS A LOT OF CHANCE TO PLAY A TRICK!

HEY—THERE'S SOMETHING HERE!



COME HERE, YOU GUYS! YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THIS!





THE NEW
WITH
CARTOON
AND
COMIC
STORY
IN A
WEEKLY
AND
MONTHLY
OF
THE
PAGES

ADVENTURES OF "F.C." and QUICKIE



TALENT HUNT

by Max Olin

DETECTIVE Lieutenant Ed Brennan looked at Angie Carter and said, "That Fifth Avenue pickup had all the earmarks of one of your jobs, Angie."

The customer studied Brennan through heavy-lidded eyes. Pulling slowly on his mustache beyond his thought, "Brennan is taking again. He hasn't got a thing on us." Then he said:

"You've studied on your system, Brennan. But if you think I—as any of my boys—pulled that jewelry job, why don't you make a guess?" He shrugged, added, "You know well enough I'm in the expert business."

"Yes. Shipping stolen diamonds out of this country," the watchful Carter carefully as he shot out his response, but there wasn't a lowering flicker on the man's imperturbable face.

Angie turned a questioning eye. "If you don't mind, Brennan, I'll get back to work." She let her hands moved expressively through the air. "This is still a business office, you know."

Brennan's face reddened. He got up. "Okay, Angie, you've been valuable as far. But one of these days you'll make a slip. Then I've got you."

"So long, Lieutenant."

Outside, Brennan's investment exhibited a lie. It was a tough thing, being made a fool of. And being so thought of the wife and half again didn't help. Even the chief was beginning to wonder whether Brennan was slipping. There had been those jewelry men still up to broad daylight in the past few months. So far had the cracks worked that each time anyone had asked their girlfriends:

Last the morning, Brennan remembered painfully, the chief had said: "Ed, if you need more help to last up these daylight robberies, I'll give you every man I see again. The insurance companies put on my back."

Brennan had promised, "I know it's Angie

Carter and his mob," he said, "but you never know when they're going to arrive." He had tried to finish a grin. "They used to call me the luckiest cop on the force, Chief, but I guess I've lost my luck."

All the chief could say to that was: "Brennan should keep trying."

And that was one thing about Brennan: he never gave up. Sooner or later, he was sure, the break would come. Angie couldn't get away with it forever.

"Well, Ed Brennan?" The detective let himself slumped slowly on the back of the chair.

"Marty?" It was Marty Martin, a former cop who had turned singer. Then, he was the hottest thing in Hollywood. It had been years since Brennan had even hint the genial Martin effectively, asked what he was doing in town.

"Lounge stuff," Martin said. "Some new director has to show that night life." They walked toward Fifth Avenue, and at they reached the famed thoroughfare, Martin said:

"Brennan when I promised a hot tip on this case?"

"Sure do."

"Well, it's going to be heavy doing it again."

Brennan was surprised. "You mean you're coming back on the force?"

Martin shook his head. "Nope. But it's a work." He held out his hand. "I'm staying at the Waldorf, Ed. How about stopping by tonight?"

"Don't think I can. I'm working on a case," Brennan said apologetically, then looked for the West Side. He had a couple of small guesses there. Maybe they could get him a lead.

The trouble here was even less than Brennan, the heavy department. He also had the impression that they feared the work of Angie Carter more than they did the law. Consequently, he returned to headquarters, the way

supposed to check in daily with the chief while he took heat over us.

During the morning's conference, the chief looked sympathetically at Brennan. "Well, all I can say is to expect, Ed, that you'll have to keep trying." He reached for some papers, then said: "Oh, by the way, some more company has trying to get you yesterday, Ed. I forgot to tell you."

Brennan looked puzzled. Then he remembered. "Oh, it was probably Harry Martin. He's in town. I saw him here on First Avenue."

A man came in, placed a paper on the chief's desk. The chief's face flushed. "That one is, Ed. Look."

It was a report that another jewelry store had been robbed only fifteen minutes ago. The men had made their escape in a big black sedan.

Brennan closed his eyes. "No witness, I suppose."

The chief shrugged. "You'd better look up them."

By the noon, several clerks told conflicting stories. Only one was thing were they in an early—the others had carried out-machine guns. The next night, Brennan decided, that had pulled the last job. All had been avoided.

Exhausted, Brennan went home. He decided then he'd ask the chief to take him off the case. It looked like Angie was too good for him.

The phone rang. Harry Martin's voice sounded excited. "Would Brennan meet him right now? It was important."

They met at the New York office of Martin's studio. "I want to show you something," Martin said. "Come on."

They went into a projection booth. Mary looked a picture on the screen. Brennan looked it down Martin, in a policeman's uniform, pointing a light on First Avenue. "Hidden camera," Marty explained. "They had it in a truck. It followed me along. He pointed. 'You supposed to be the man for our last office situation, but we not recognized me.'"

He grabbed Brennan's arm as the picture switched. "That one is what I wanted to show you."

Brennan looked, as the screen changed.

Then he reached for his hat. "Can I borrow that one and a policeman, Marty?"

"Sure, I'll go along, too. I want to see the hat."

In Angie's apartment, the big boy himself was holding court with a few of the staff. With satisfaction, Brennan noted them. Angie seemed pretty cool. "I suppose you think I was mixed up in that robbery today, Brennan," he said slowly. "That's why Milroy is here."

Brennan looked around. Milroy there, the lawyer, was coming out of the bathroom. "I'm a little tired of answering your questions," Angie explained. "So I asked Milroy to be here. I figured you'd be around."

Brennan grinned. "The perfect alibi all set up, eh, Angie? Plenty of people to swear you weren't anywhere near the Laura Jewelry store, eh?"

"That's right."

"Well, I didn't come here to question you. I want to show you something," Brennan pulled down the window shades. He pointed to the picture operator he had brought along. "Can you show that now?"

"Sure."

Angie sat back, puzzled. What was Brennan up to now? Pictures? The guy must be going crazy.

His eyes moved lazily as the screen showed Harry Martin walking along the street. "Marty's way is dubbed in town," Brennan explained. "This is strictly location stuff. He is our director General's partner."

And then Angie suddenly moved in his chair, almost leaped from his seat as the screen changed. It showed a group of men, twenty-five to thirty hands, running from the jewelry store, and leaping into a sedan. And Angie was right in town?

"A hidden camera," Brennan said. "It caught you by accident, Angie." He was still pointing at the picture stopped off. There was a gun in his hand. And the three men he had pointed usually were being let in by Marty Martin. "Just the way I caught you, Angie," he said slowly. "By accident."

Brennan laughed. "Stop down in back-quarters, Angie, and bring the boys with you. We want to take some still shots to go with the moving pictures!"

BATMAN AND ROBIN FANS!

Attention!



FOR YEARS WE'VE BEEN YOUR
FAVORITE ACTION-TEAM!

...AND NOW...OUR PUBLISHERS TAKE YOU
DOWN A NEW DANGER-TRAIL IN THE OLD
INDIAN-FIGHTING, FEARLESS FRONTIERSMAN
DAYS WITH A BRAND-NEW TEAM OF
SLAM-BANG BATTLERS THAT YOU'LL CALL
"BATMAN AND ROBIN IN BUCKSKIN!"

WATCH FOR TOM HAWK AND
YOUNG DAN HUNTER IN —



TOMAHAWK

IN EVERY ISSUE OF



— AND DON'T FORGET...
I APPEAR IN SOLO ACTION
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS, TOO! — *Robin*























WOW!

THEY'RE
GONNA LEAVE!
LET 'EM GO!
IT!



OH! THEY
GONNA APPEAR
TRY TO
SHUT THEM
OUT!

HEY! THEY'VE
GONE! ARE THEY
GONNA LEAVE?
YES!



LOOKING DOWN THAT POLE FROM THE
ROOF, THAT'S A TERRIBLE SIGHT!

LET THEM GO!
DON'T LET
THEY GO!



A TERRIBLE SIGHT!

LOOK! THEY'VE
GONE! ARE THEY
GONNA LEAVE?
YES!

HEY! THEY'VE
GONE! ARE THEY
GONNA LEAVE?
YES!



HEY!
THEY'VE GONE!
ARE THEY
GONNA LEAVE?
YES!

I WANT
TO GO!
LET THEM
GO!



HEY!
THEY'VE GONE!
ARE THEY
GONNA LEAVE?
YES!



...and the best of all...
...the best of all...
...the best of all...



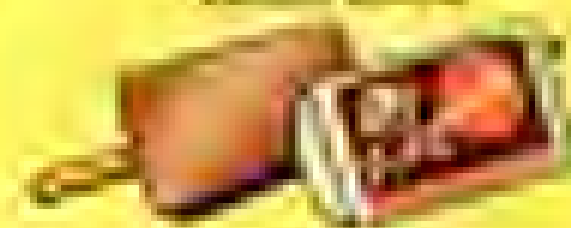
Popsicle Pete
FREE



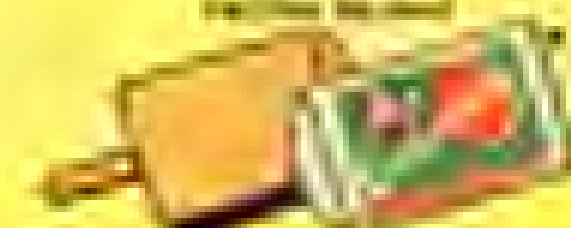
ALL THIS FREE
...and the best of all...



...and the best of all...



...and the best of all...



...and the best of all...



...and the best of all...

TAKE THE HABA
GET SWISS FRIEND

Great gifts for him (or her) and really from these people.
The Great Gift Book has been the #1 best selling book for over 10 years. It's the only book that gives you the names of the people who make the best gifts.

Find wonderful Popsicles and more...
...and the best of all...

FREE FREE CATALOG

If you are the "Popsicle Pete" type...
...and the best of all...

EASY TO GET

Go get both the "Popsicle Pete" and...
...and the best of all...

Popsicle Pete®

...and the best of all...

A REAL CIRCUS



YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢



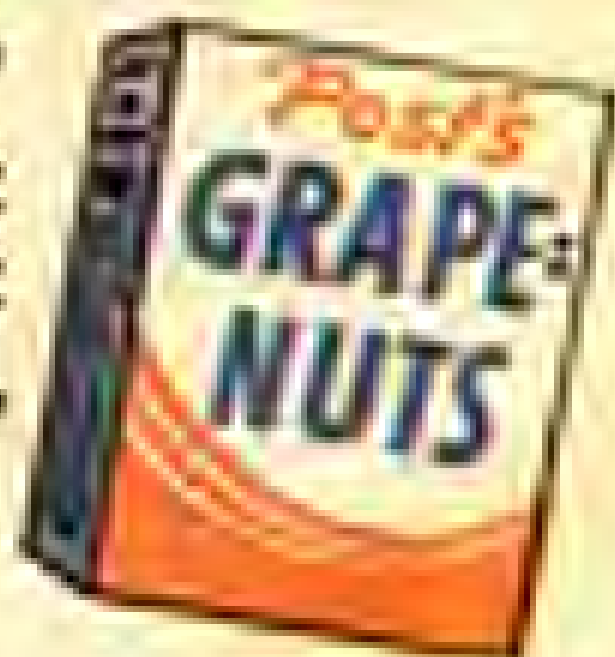
PLUS ONE GRAPE-NUTS BOX TOP



IDENTITY, AFFILIATION, BELONGING  **AND JOURNALS**
 1000-1000

[illegible]

They move. They do exist! They're all yours for the relatively low price of one dollar, plus the fee of a package of Enigmas.



Unhappily, in my career among my friends' carriages, this met. Really as good and good as nothing.

Don't be a slave too. Get your Village Party, the real people, representative spirit that must go on through to the future. Give the people and your own best day and your time for making a national choice. Ring No. 1.

PLANNING, CREATING & COLLABORATING
 That's how you can make the most of your time and energy.
 And it's the only way to make the most of your time and energy.

Year	Population	Area
1990	1,000,000	100,000
2000	1,500,000	150,000
2010	2,000,000	200,000



When you're looking for a place to live, you want a place that's safe, comfortable, and has a good location. That's why we've built a new apartment building in the heart of the city. It's called the "Air-Wave" and it's the best place to live. It's got everything you need: a kitchen, a bathroom, and a living room. And it's got a great view of the city. So if you're looking for a place to live, come see the "Air-Wave".

The Voices of Sport Swimsuits

THE VOICES OF SPORT SWIMSUITS

AN INSPIRATION
FROM THE OCEAN...
IT'S A NEW WAY TO
FEEL THE WATER.

THE VOICES
OF THE OCEAN...
IT'S A NEW WAY
TO FEEL THE WATER.

THE VOICES OF THE OCEAN...
IT'S A NEW WAY
TO FEEL THE WATER.

THE VOICES OF THE OCEAN...
IT'S A NEW WAY
TO FEEL THE WATER.



BUT SOME EFFORTS TO RAISE MONEY FAIL...



LATEST IN THE LOAN COMMUNITY...



BUT SOME EFFORTS TO RAISE MONEY FAIL... AND WHEN SOME ARE FORCED TO FALL, BEHOLD A NEW...



DETER, THERE'S THE END, AND BACK, DON'T LET THEM, ENOUGH?



WELL, YOUR MONEY ISN'T ENOUGH...



WELL, YOUR MONEY ISN'T ENOUGH...



WELL, YOUR MONEY ISN'T ENOUGH...





YOU CALLED THAT
YOUR TRAP? AFTER
HANGING IT AROUND
HANGING?



GOT YOU,
FELLA!

THE MORE
THE MORE



LATER, IN A HOSPITAL ROOM...

MR. BURGESS: THE
MAN WHO WAS
KILLED WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.

I WAS A POOR, POOR
MAN. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL. I
WAS ALREADY DEAD
WHEN I WENT TO THE
HOSPITAL.



THEY TOLD ME ABOUT
THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT
THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.



WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE
MURDER OF THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED.

THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.

I WAS A POOR, POOR
MAN. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL. I
WAS ALREADY DEAD
WHEN I WENT TO THE
HOSPITAL.



MINUTES LATER...

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT
THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT
THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT
THE MAN WHO WAS
KILLED. I WAS ALREADY
DEAD WHEN I WENT
TO THE HOSPITAL.

A photograph of a group of people in a living room. A man in a suit is standing on the left, and a woman in a yellow dress is standing on the right. A man in a dark suit is standing in the center. A woman in a red dress is sitting on a couch in the foreground. A lamp is visible on a table in the background.

A photograph showing a person lying on a gurney or bed in a clinical setting. The person is wearing a white garment, possibly a gown or sheet. They appear to be receiving medical attention, with a person in a white coat (likely a nurse or doctor) leaning over them. The background shows a typical hospital room with a window and some equipment.



THESE ARE THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S SON. A MAN WHO WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN.



THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN.



THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN.



THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN.



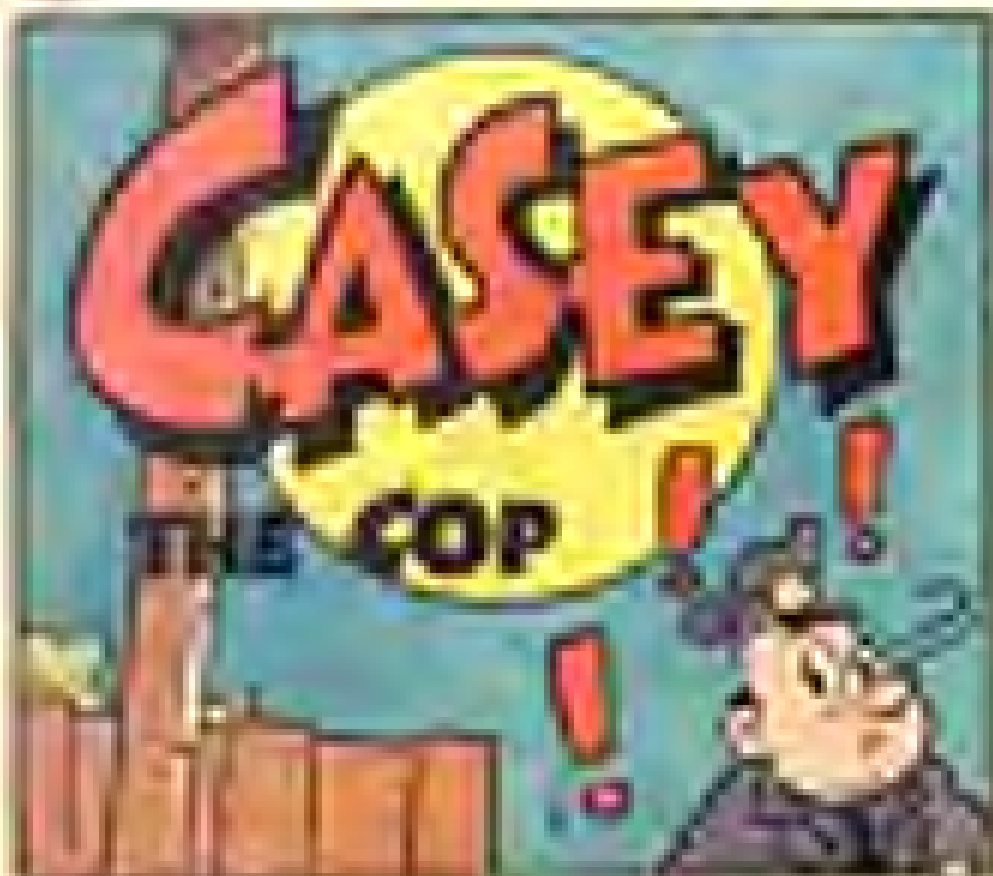
THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN.



THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN. THE PRESIDENT'S SON WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY AN ASSASSIN.



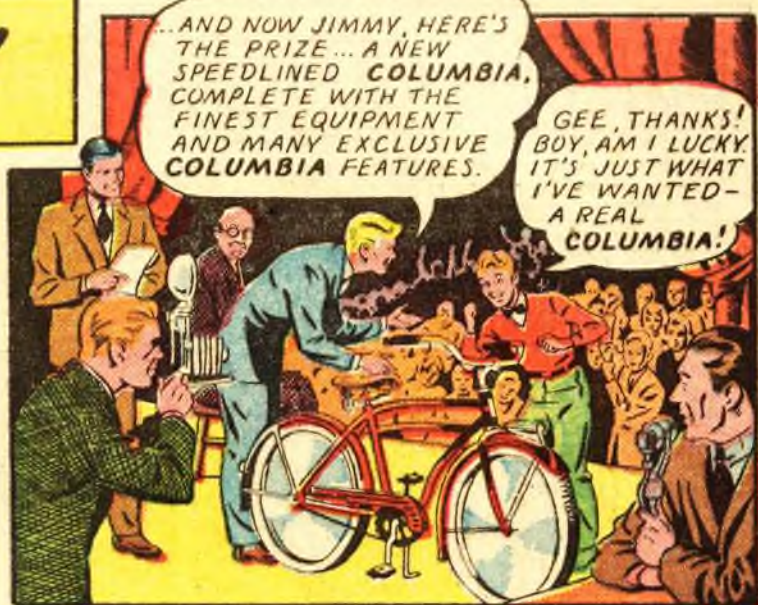




WILL JIMMY WIN A NEW Columbia?

HERE'S HOW LUCKY WINNERS
IN THE COLUMBIA-WHEATIES
CONTEST WILL THRILL THE
GANG WITH THEIR PRIZES-

Winners to be announced in the
Jack Armstrong Radio Show dur-
ing week of March 17.



THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

WESTFIELD, MASS.



"SINCE 1877—AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE"

*They're all swell bikes—each one is the leader in its class. Why not go in and see them at your COLUMBIA dealer's today? If there is no COLUMBIA dealer in your neighborhood, fill out and mail the coupon.

THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Westfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send me the name and address of the nearest store where I can see the brand new models built by COLUMBIA.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM McAN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE "HOMER" THAT
DIDN'T COUNT!

A BLAZE OF LIGHT... ROAR OF ROCKET JETS... AND OUT OF THE PAST FLIES THOM McAN ON HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!

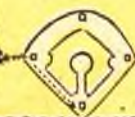
HEY, FELLOWS! GATHER 'ROUND! ZOOMING INTO THE PAST, I JUST RAN ACROSS ANOTHER AMAZING "SPORTS FLOP"! IT HAPPENED IN A BIG EASTERN BASEBALL PARK...



THE BIG FELLOW AT BAT IS ONE OF THE GREATEST HITTERS OF ALL. HE'S GUNNING FOR THE YEAR'S HOME-RUN RECORD! TWO OUTS... MAN ON BASE... HERE'S THE PITCH!



BUT WAIT! THE MAN ALREADY ON BASE THOUGHT THE BALL WAS CAUGHT, MAKING THE THIRD OUT. SO AT THIRD BASE HE LEFT THE FIELD. AND SO...



AS A RESULT, THE BIG FELLOW MERELY TIED FOR HOME-RUN HONORS-- INSTEAD OF LEADING!

TOUGH! IT GOES TO SHOW, IN ANY SPORT YOU'VE GOT TO THINK ON YOUR FEET!



AND THINK ABOUT YOUR FEET TOO, HUH, COACH?

YES, THAT'S VERY IMPORTANT. DON'T LET YOUR SOFT YOUNG FOOT-BONES GET SQUEEZED OUT OF SHAPE BY SHOES YOU'VE OUTGROWN. GUARD AGAINST THIS-- MEASURE YOUR FEET EVERY FEW WEEKS ON YOUR THOM McAN "GRO-CHART."



SOUNDS FUNNY,--USING A MEASURING CHART TO TELL WHEN YOUR FEET HAVE GROWN TOO BIG FOR YOUR SHOES! YOU'D THINK YOUR FEET WOULD TELL YOU--BY HURTING! BUT THEY DON'T--YOUNG FOOT-BONES ARE TOO SOFT TO "FIGHT BACK." THAT'S WHY YOU NEED A THOM McAN "GRO-CHART."

YOU GET "GRO-CHART" PROTECTION ONLY WITH THOM McAN SHOES. WITH EACH NEW PAIR YOU ARE GIVEN--FREE--YOUR OWN PERSONAL "GRO-CHART." IT SHOWS HOW MUCH YOUR FOOT MAY SAFELY GROW BEFORE YOU NEED LARGER SHOES. MEASURE YOUR FEET ON THE CHART EVERY FEW WEEKS. WHEN THEY REACH THE "DANGER-LINE," YOU KNOW IT'S TIME FOR A LARGER SHOE!



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES



IN OVER 300 CITIES

LITTLE BEAVER,
DO YOU SAVVY
THE 10 RULES
IN TH' SPORTSMAN'S
SAFETY CODE?

Here's the Sportman's Safety Code for **DAISY** AIR RIFLE OWNERS



- ① ME WILL NEVER POINT-UM GUN AT ANY-
THING ME NOT INTEND TO SHOOT-UM.
- ② ME WILL NEVER LOAD-UM GUN WHEN MUZZLE
IS POINTED AT ANYBODY.
- ③ ME WILL NEVER
COCK-UM GUN OR PULL-UM TRIGGER JUST FOR
FUN.
- ④ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT OBJECT
WHICH MAKE BULLET BOUNCE-UM OFF.
- ⑤ ME
WILL NEVER HANDLE GUN WITHOUT FIRST
TAKE-UM PEEK TO BE SURE GUN IS EMPTY.
- ⑥ ME WILL NEVER CARRY MY GUN WHILE IT IS
COCKED OR OFF SAFETY, YOU BETCHUM.
- ⑦ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT SONG-BIRD,
ILLEGAL GAME OR LIVE TREE, ME THINK-UM.
- ⑧ ME WILL NEVER SHOOT-UM AT ANYTHING BEFORE
MAKE-UM SURE ME NOT INJURE SOMETHING IF
ME MISS-UM TARGET.
- ⑨ ME WILL ALWAYS BE
PLENTY CAREFUL WHEN CLIMBING THROUGH
FENCE BY POINT-UM GUN MUZZLE THROUGH
FENCE FIRST.
- ⑩ ME WILL ALWAYS CLEAN
AND OIL-UM MY GUN PRONTO AFTER USING IT.

Learn and follow the Sportsman's SAFETY
Code—explained here in Little Beaver's
language—printed in *complete* form inside
the famous Daisy Handbook! If you do not
obey the Code or otherwise abuse the priv-
ilege of Daisy ownership—your parents or
police *should* take your Daisy away from
you. Show this message to your folks. Tell
them you'll shoot safely with a Daisy—the
fun gun MILLIONS of American DADS
shot safely when *they* were boys!

DAISY HANDBOOK READY!

TELLS HOW TO
SHOOT SAFE



128 page Handbook fea-
tures Red Ryder, Buck
Rogers comic strips, atomic
bombs, jet power, jokes,
trickshots, safety rules, com-
plete Daisy Air Rifle Cata-
log, etc. Limited supply.
Rush name, address, dime
(10c), unused 3c stamp
we'll mail
Handbook
postpaid.

Duty Added
in Canada

1000 SHOT

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Famous Western saddle carbine features Lightning
Loader, Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine
Bands, Double-Notch Sight, Pistol-Grip Stock.

No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

No. 155—DAISY 1000-SHOT REPEATER

MODEL
No. 111

\$4.25

\$5.95

\$3.25

Don't order air rifles direct from the factory.
Prices subject to change without notice.



SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 805 UNION STREET, DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Published in the interests of Parents, Present and Future Air Rifle Owners, and the General Public

NEW

"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

Tiny cell packs enough energy to "Hit the Gong" 125 times!

You've probably tried it at fair or carnival...slugged away with a 10-pound maul...trying to light the lights, and ring the bell, and win a prize. What a terrific, pile-driving smash it takes to lift that weight up 35 feet to the bell! Yet the new high-energy "Eveready" flashlight cell could perform this husky feat 125 times in a row...if you could harness its 93% greater electric energy!



1900
WAKE UP
1800
MORE VITAMINS
1700
TRY AGAIN
1600
HIT IT!

LIGHT is power made visible. That's why new high-energy "Eveready" flashlight batteries are so important to you. With nearly double the electric energy of even famous pre-war "Eveready" flashlight cells, their usefulness to you in terms of light is nearly doubled. You can depend on that dazzling, penetrating "Eveready" flashlight beam for nearly twice as long! Always ask for them by the famous brand name... "Eveready."

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly twice the electric energy...almost two times longer life than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. That's today's high-energy "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.

NOW

1941



High Energy
MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

